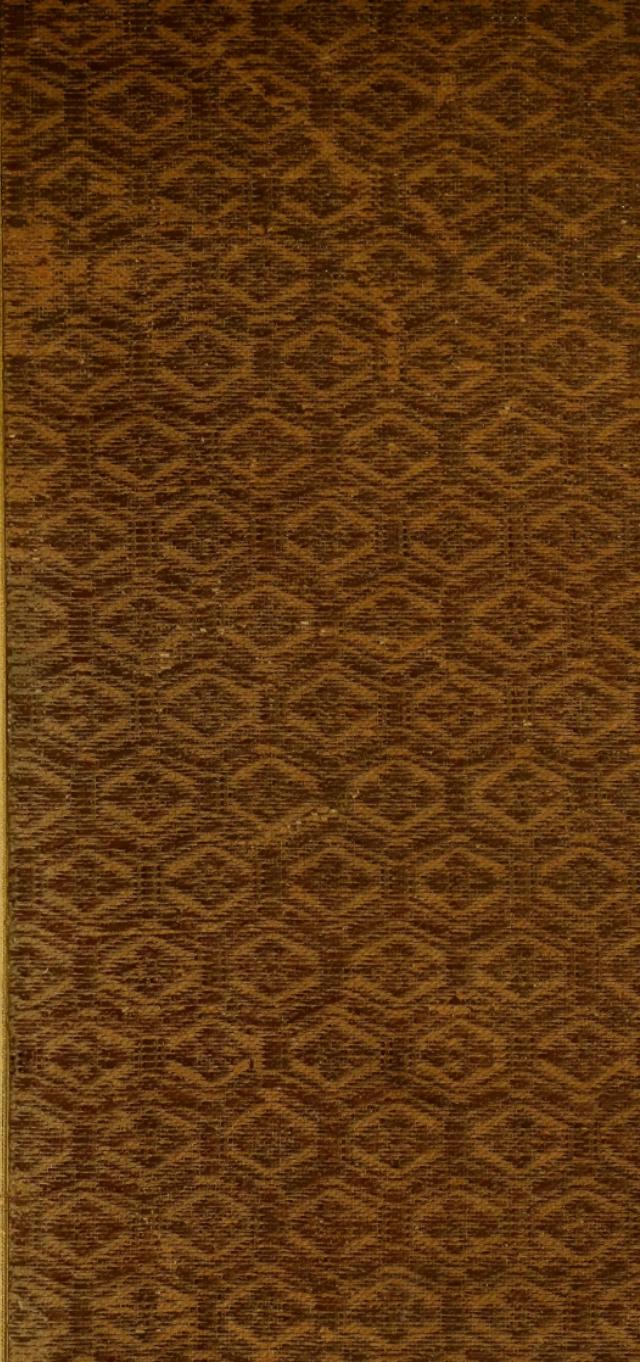


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EASTER
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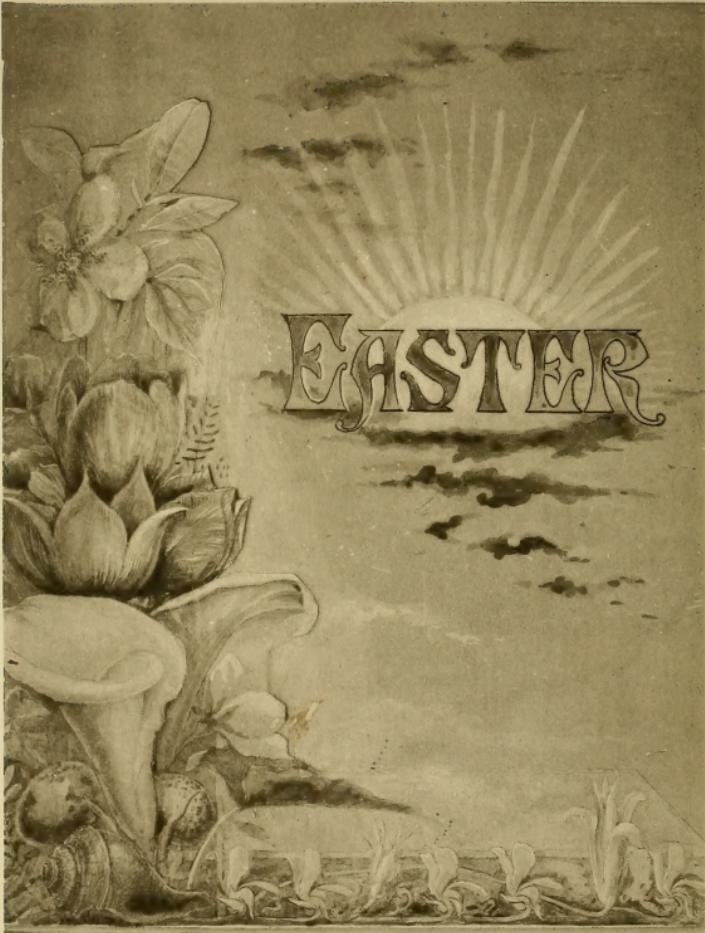
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EASTER

EASTER SONG A POEM

BY THE
Rt Rev ROBERT HALL BAYNES

ILLUSTRATED
BY J. H. GRATACAP.

NEW YORK.
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.
900 Broadway, Cor. 20th St.



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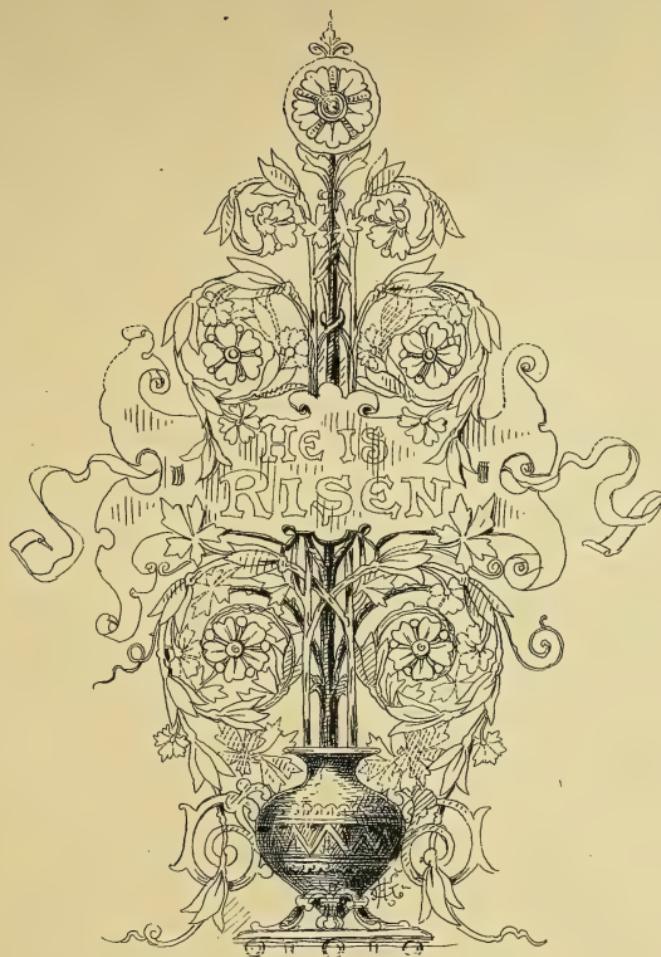
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...OR TAIL PIECE.



CHRIST +
OUR PASSOVER
IS SACRIFICED FOR US
THEREFORE
LET US KEEP
THE FEAST.







As Spring's sweet breath after long wintry snow,
As land to voyager o'er pathless sea,
As daybreak after weary night of woe,
Is Easter joy to me!

All Lenten shadows over! and the light
Around us and within so sweet & strong,
Teach us, O risen Master, how aright
To sing our Easter song.

We stand today beside Thy open tomb,
We gaze on linen clothes with reverent heed,
And hear the angels whispering through the gloom,
"Not here—but risen indeed!"

And all the story of Thy love divine
Throbs through our hearts, longing, O Christ, for Thee.
The bitter chalice, with the deadly wine,
Was drained to set us free.

The grave is dark no more! a stream of light
He, rising, left behind for all His own.
Death's chain is broken by His arm of might,
And rolled away the stone.

Now Easter-light flushes the morning sky,
Thy Form we see, all changed, yet the same.
Master! we kneel before Thee; hear our cry,
And call us each by name.

When evening shadows lengthen all around,
And we to Emmaus take our weary way,
With us, O risen Saviour, still be found,
And turn our night to day.

And from Thy radiant throne of light above,
Oh, send us, till our desert wanderings cease,
Thine own best legacy of tender love,
Thy sweetest gift of peace!

Then, at the last, when all shall wake who sleep,
Made like to Thee, in raiment white and fair,
Oh, bid us welcome to Thy home, to keep
Our endless Easter there!

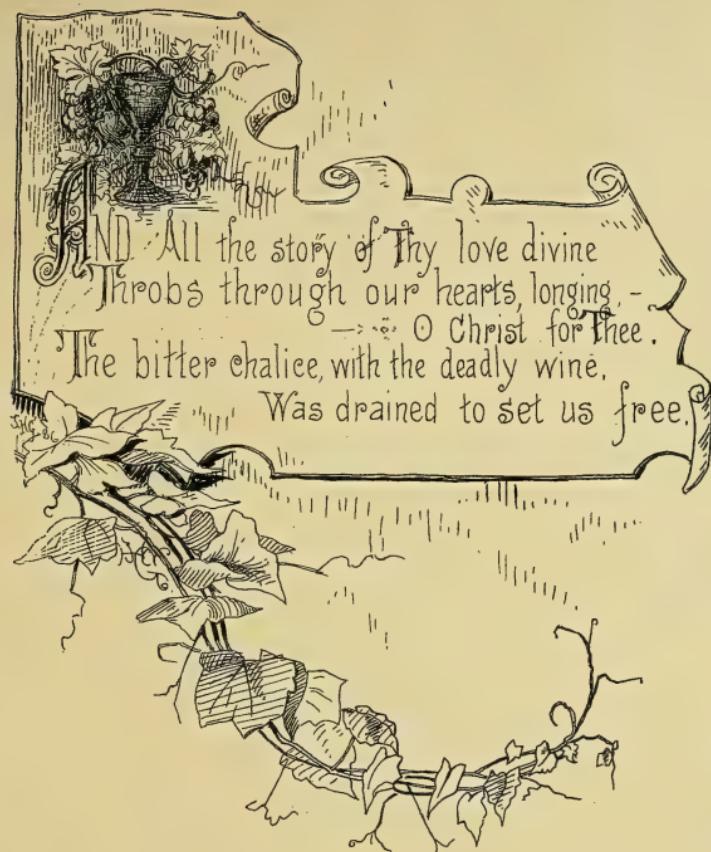






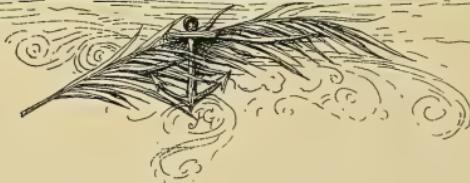


WE stand today beside Thy open tomb,
WE gaze on "linen clothes" with reverent heed,
And hear the angels whispering through the gloom,
"Not here — BUT RISEN INDEED."

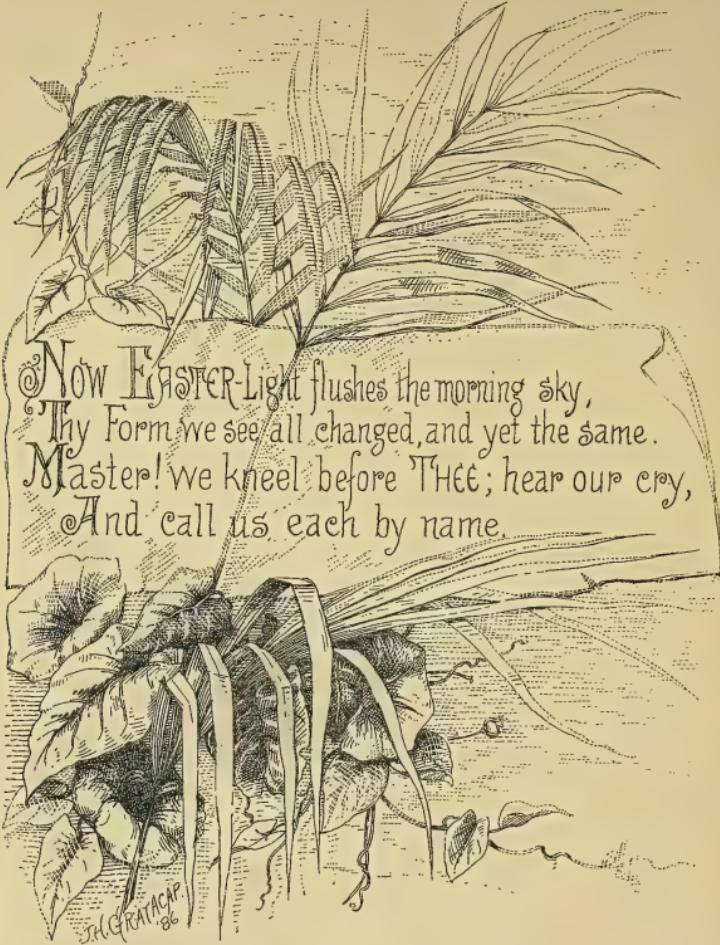




THE GRAVE IS DARK NO MORE!
HE, RISING, LEFT BEHIND FOR ALL
DEATH'S CHAIN IS BROKEN A STREAM OF LIGHT
HIS OWN,
AND ROLLED AWAY THE STONE.



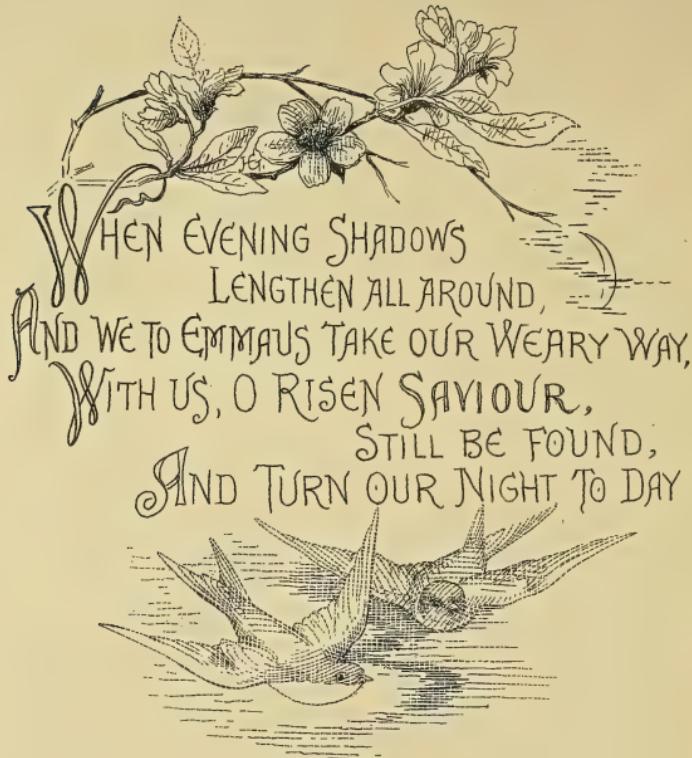




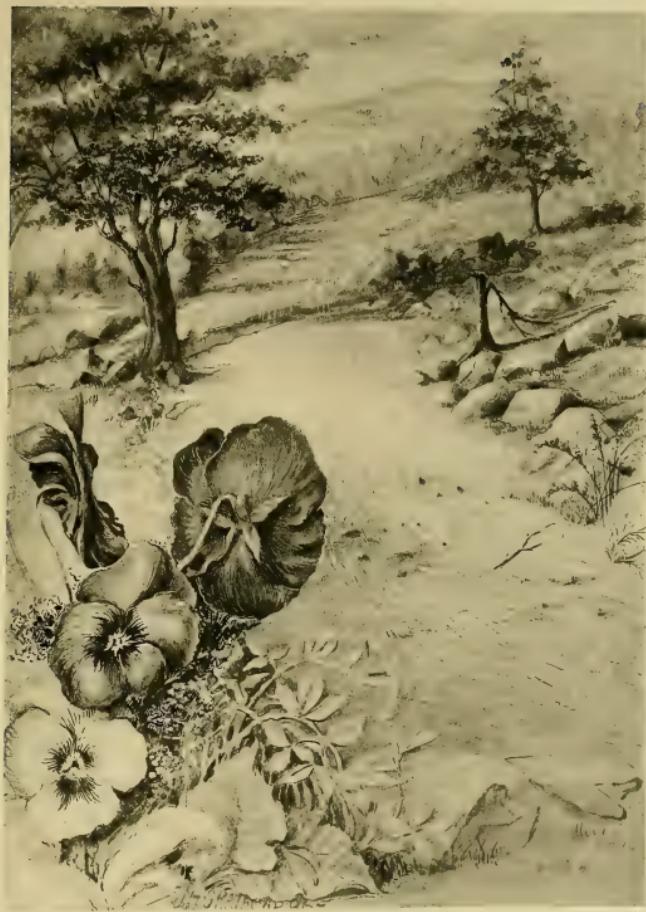
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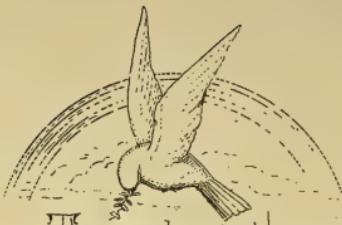
SH. GRATTACAP.





WHEN EVENING SHADOWS
LENGTHEN ALL AROUND,
AND WE TO EMMAUS TAKE OUR WEARY WAY,
WITH US, O RISEN SAVIOUR,
STILL BE FOUND;
AND TURN OUR NIGHT TO DAY



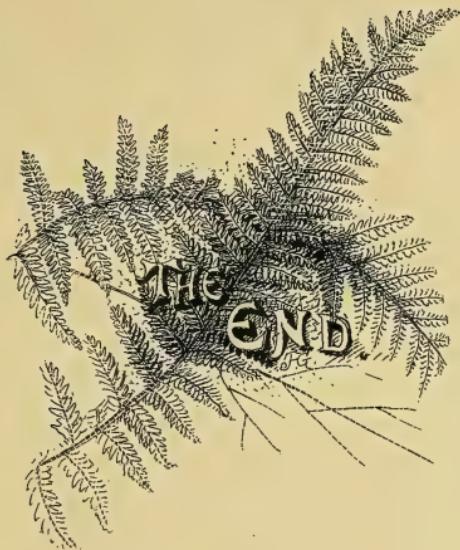


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